Rice Dream

Call the router of startlets' scars
and let him squeal to whatever GLOBE in this
New Age of healthy whores and porno kings,
the only empress is the Empress of Rice Dream.

Sometimes I think sugar
is sugar. No! she insists,
this hippy throwback with
skirt buffing sandals.

She is twenty in the 90s
and back in the 60s

another universal fool
  turned me on

to bulghur for relief:
let Time, that lout,
advance his scheme,

the only empress is the Empress of Rice Dream